

THE PAST.

Erase it from my memory ! for, lo !
As I look backward on the devious track,
Unhappy images are seen to pass,
Like the wild shapes in a Magician's glass,
Making the brain grow dizzy as they go
And come again, as if employed to rack
The human mind, and cause the tears to flow
From Life's own fountain. Yes, erase the Past !—
But, no !—not all—for some green spots are there ;
Small, twinkling stars, out-peering through the gloom ;
Warm gleams of sunlight, which do sometimes cast
Their mellow tints within. These will entomb
Each sullen shadow in its secret lair,
And Hope may make the future prospect fair.

Yea ; let them rest ! I would not banish one
Stern recollection from its chosen cell.
Thick clouds may for a moment hide the sun,
But lessen not his glory ; even so,
We hold within us what of dark and bright
By our own wills have been implanted there.
And we can purge from the mind's crucible
The scum of Error that excludes the light
Of Truth. Experience teacheth us to know
That light and darkness—moral day and night—
Are incident to mortals here below.
Yes ; let me rather muse on errors past,
The silent monitors that bring us peace at last.